# THE WIFE'S LAMENT.

## A NEW TEMPERANCE SONG

By ARCHIBALD SCOTT.—Air : Dear Irish Boy.

My Connor was loving, gentle and kind,
The proudest of mortals was I in his love,
While nature's sweet graces adorn'd his mind,
Bright angels seem'd smiling on us from above.
CHORUS.
Sweetly we started, no two more light hearted,
Together cross'd over the ocean of life ;
By true love united, the vows that he plighted
Were music the sweetest to his loving wife.

No husband was kinder, no father e'er cherish'd
A child with a purer or holier care,
But alas ! he is chang'd, those joys are all perish'd,
Our once happy home, the abode of despair.
CHORUS.
Swearing and tearing, his acts over-bearing,
Embitter'd for ever is my future life.
The vows that he plighted are broken and slighted,
Which leaves me to mourn a heart-broken wife.

The money he once felt so proud to bestow
On home and its comforts, in days that are fled,
For rum, in the ale house, now weekly must go,
While his children are naked and starving for bread.
Chorus.—Swearing, &c.

Would I had died, ere his fall and dishonour
Enshrouded us all in a mantle of shame,
Ere rum, cursed rum ! destroy'd my poor Connor,
And quench'd in his heart love's exquisite flame.
Chorus.—Swearing, &c.

The poison that kills both the body and soul,
Has sunk him beneath they beasts of the plain.
His children and wife he forsakes for the bowl,
That has kill'd more than ever in battle was slain.
Chorus.—Swearing, &c.

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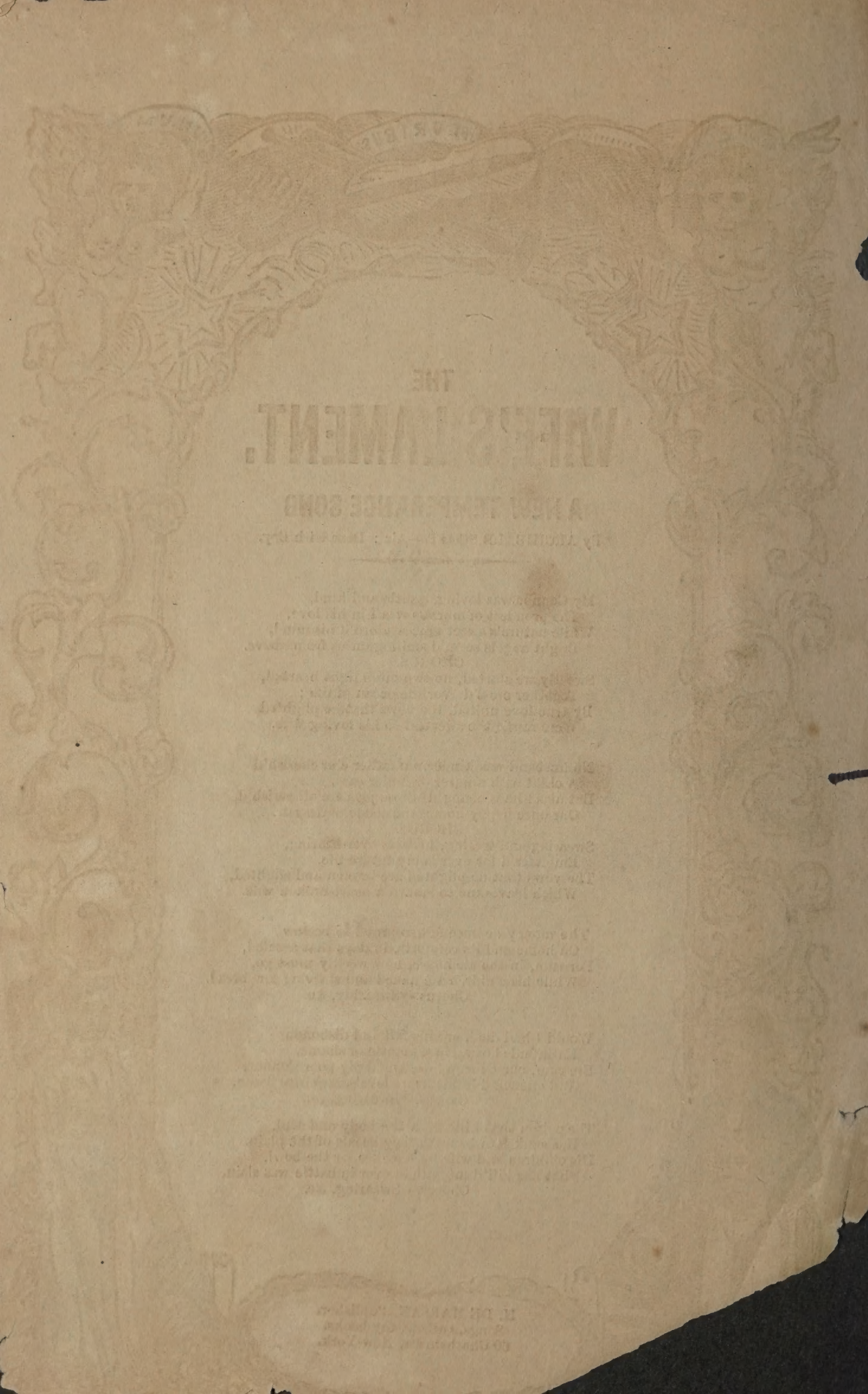
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